

THEY NEARLY STOLE LINCOLN

"GOVERNMENT of the people by the people for the people . . ."

These great words of liberty were uttered by Abraham Lincoln. Just seventy years ago there was launched the most outrageous crime American "crooks" ever attempted—to stuff the body of America's great hero into a sack, roll it into the bottom of a wagon, and hide it among the lonely sand-dunes on the shores of Lake Michigan, claiming as ransom fifty thousand pounds and a convict's freedom.

Big Jim Kenealy was leader of one of the cleverest bands of counterfeiters in the United States.

He had waxed rich on home-made dollar bills, coolly defying detection and arrest again and again.

When Ben Boyd, the master engraver who manufactured the counterfeit greenbacks for Jim, was caught red-handed by Secret Service men and sentenced to ten years in prison, Big Jim planned to steal the body of Abraham Lincoln and trade it on his own terms—for Boyd's freedom.

ALL WORKED OUT.

"We can't even be prosecuted," said Big Jim, "for the State of Illinois hasn't a law making it a crime to steal a body."

"What about sacrilege?" nervously asked one of his henchmen, named Swegles.

"Just a word!" laughed Big Jim. "Nothing more. Nothing about it in the State law books."

Cunningly he worked out the scheme. The wind blowing on the sand-dunes, he calculated, would soon hide all traces of the re-burial.

As soon as Lincoln was missed from his tomb the entire nation would be flung into an uproar.

Then would be the time to approach the Government and drive a hard bargain. Since no crime was involved in stealing the body, there could be no punishment.

"How will they know you're telling the truth?" asked Swegles. "How will they know you're the actual thief?"

Jim had worked that out, too. Before leaving Chicago on his eerie mission he bought a London newspaper, tore a piece out of it, and stuffed the rest inside a bust of Lincoln that stood in the bar he usually made his headquarters.

"We'll leave the torn piece in the tomb," he explained. "Then we'll produce the rest of the page, and they'll see the pieces fit like sections in a jig-saw puzzle."

Everything seemed in their favour when they arrived at Lincoln's home town of Springfield. The nation had just fought one of the most bitterly contested elections in years, and the first results were beginning to filter through.

All the town was agog with excitement as boisterous parties of voters paraded the streets with torches and lanterns, singing and shouting.

Lincoln's coffin lay in the heart of the deserted woods two miles away. Big Jim sawed through the padlock on

the iron door, and stole into the dusty vault.

The wooden coffin was prised half-out when Swegles paused in the doorway and smilingly struck a match to light his cigar.

The next instant a sudden rush of men swept past him. The solitary lantern light went out. Men struggled in the darkness.

Then revolver shots rang out, another and another, until the detectives who had been waiting in the woods in their stockinged feet realised that they were taking pot shots at one another.

ALL GATHERED IN.

The conspirators had escaped, but Abraham Lincoln was saved.

It took ten days before the gangsters were rounded up in Chicago and jailed—all save Swegles, who had turned informer.

Jim had been right in declaring he could steal Abraham Lincoln without punishment. But he went to jail for conspiring to steal "a coffin worth fifteen pounds!"

HOME NEWS FOR L/COOK J. DOSWELL



LEADING COOK JOHN DOSWELL'S greatest surprise when he reads this will be to know that Pauline has got her teeth!

Last time he saw her she was engagingly toothless; now her wide smile reveals a good sound "pearly," and it won't be long before she adds to the number.

Pauline is fast becoming a real young lady—she's got plenty of coquetry in her at just over six months old—and Uncle John will hardly recognise her next time he sees her as the baby he used to carry about so carefully and proudly when he was last home on leave.

Her Merchant Navy daddy has just been back from a long trip, and Miss Pauline has been a bit bewildered by the new man who has been trying to coax her to say "Da da."

You missed seeing brother-

LAST war his father covered the practice in a one-horse gig. But the radius is extended, so a small car is needed; and petrol is not easily got.

He is past middle-age; the younger doctors are all in various uniforms. Night calls in the black-out try his failing eyesight. The roads roar with hurrying convoys, so that each trip is a risk; but the G.P. must keep his brains on ice, because he doesn't know what the next case is likely to be—the odds are that it will demand the concentration of his every faculty.

He works a twenty-four hour day mostly. If he gets a Sunday off he esteems himself favoured by the gods of healing; but he cannot make plans for recreation, because the phone might ring at any minute, with an urgent demand for his immediate attention.

And though the case might seem trivial and not requiring urgency, there is always the hundredth chance that it might be a matter of life or death; so the visit must be paid—as likely as not, miles away.

A reprimand by the Coroner for tardy attendance in the event of a fatality means professional damnation. And a doctor has to live, if war-time existence can be called living!

To attempt to turn the country G.P. into a Civil Servant is a fatuous fallacy. He cannot be tied down by red tape and regulations; the personal equation counts more than any-

ELDERLY-OVERWORKED—

22 FEB. 1944

MEET THIS HOME TOWN HERO

John Vigour Introduces You



the capital value of his practice. He paid a considerable sum for a partnership, in expectation that such sum would be a sheet anchor to wind'ard when age compelled retirement from the undistinguished fighting-line.

If the State steps in and turns him into a salaried official, that capital asset vanishes like last year's snowflakes. So, to a certain extent, does his intimate association with his dispersed flock. He becomes a robot, working to a fixed time-schedule, with ordained holidays and opportunity for refresher courses; but, as things are, he is willing to sacrifice all hope of a vacation, however short, so as to see Mrs. This and Mrs. That through their pending confinements, because they trust him—yes, and love him.

The last drop of liquid refreshment in a house is at G.P.'s service, if he can but spare time to avail himself of the offer; but he cannot spare time. He has to enter a house and meet a set of symptoms, diagnose the trouble, offer assurance, prescribe; and then he has to rid his mind completely of everything seen in that low-ceilinged bedroom as he crosses the threshold, and prepare his brain to receive and diagnose an entirely new and probably more complicated set of symptoms next door.

If a patient dies he analyses his treatment, to make sure that he has not made a mistake somewhere; if a patient recovers, he is humbly glad. His college professor who passed him in his Finals said: "Lastly, be sure to send in your bill while the tears of gratitude are still wet in the patient's eyes!" But G.P. doesn't do that; so he knows what it is to have the relatives complain that his charges are too high—although his unostentatious devotion to duty has probably preserved the breadwinner for another score of wage-earning years.

Quite a hero, my friend G.P., though the last of all to admit to any heroism. His wife is qualified, but ill-health permits her to undertake only a fraction of the ever-growing work.

She has grown run-down for lack of domestic help; the munitions factories have robbed the neighbourhood even of its charwomen. Furthermore, she sleeps badly of nights, because she is afraid G.P. might not hear the phone ring and so fail to answer an urgent call.

I drove out with G.P. quite recently to answer a summons. We discussed the State Medical Scheme en route; but at the door he grew constrained and grave. He was inside for hour after hour—although that day he had already made over forty visits, together with morning and evening surgery. He had almost gone to sleep over the steering-wheel. I went to sleep whilst waiting; he roused me. He was rubbing his hands in the chilly dawn-light. He was tired—God, he was tired.

"Saved that one!" he triumphed. For four mortal hours he had wrestled with Death in a dim, close room, and he had beaten it. "A nice wee girl," he said. "I wonder what she'll grow up into?" For that is one of the saddest aspects of G.P.'s life; he may fight the Destroyer with heart, nerve and sinew; he might win a resounding victory, only to discover, in the course of the years, that the person he has saved might have better been left to die! There ought to be a G.P. Star for the country medico—not one but has earned it.

thing; the confidence of his practice in his friendly—often more than friendly—ability to heal a multitude of evils is his chief asset. Each case he visits assumes paramount importance.

He is savagely overworked—that goes without saying; and it is inevitably worrying work. Harvest in East Anglia brings innumerable accident cases; men fall off ricks, and, as many are elderly, bones snap like pipe-stems; complicated harvesting machinery causes horrible wounds.

The wives of the district are fulfilling Governmental hopes to increase the war-wasted population handsomely; and since late night is the usual time for child-bearing, night is not so much turned into day for the doctor as simply prolonged from day.

The Hun dropped bombs into the nearby asylum recently, and my friend worked seventy-six hours without a break to clear up that appalling mess. His private itch is to take a qualifying course at some famous hospital, so that he can keep pace with up-to-the-minute research; but locums cannot be got. Previously this practice demanded the concentrated attention of two partners and one lively assistant; but G.P. runs the entire show himself.

He has forgotten what an evening at the pictures is like; if a free evening is permitted, he occupies it in filling in Government forms—these increase every day—or in lecturing the Home Guard, the Civil Defence and the W.V.S., to mention but three organisations—on First Aid and Common Sense as applied to injuries and sickness.

The understaffed chemist closes just as G.P.'s surgery hours begin; that means that all medicines must be dispensed in the surgery, by the doctor, because there are no qualified dispensers available, and only a qualified assistant is permissible.

The state of the weather often isn't helpful. Last winter was, fortunately, mild, with clear roads and no cold worth mentioning; but the winter before—phew! Zero temperatures and twelve-foot snowdrifts for a level three months; blizzards plentiful enough to obscure the side roads; icy winds screaming in from the North Sea; finding the way to remote farmhouses at 2 a.m. wasn't child's play.

Often it was a case of put-

ting the rugs under the rear wheels to secure bite enough to extricate the low-powered car from a ditch; almost as often it meant abandoning the car and struggling afoot to the destination, there to thaw out before a farmhouse fire before venturing to usher another new life into a war-torn world.

There were—and are—cancer cases needing a nightly injection of pain-killing drug to save the dying patient unmentionable agonies. Injections must be administered, no matter what the weather is like or however great the distance.

Often, struggling back from such a mission of mercy, G.P. would find another call awaiting him half-a-dozen miles in the opposite direction; or, more ironical still, in the same direction. Had he known of the new call he could have made one job of it. As it was—there was nothing for it but to refill the tank—taking care not to spill a drop of the jealously issued petrol—and start back to a repetition of discomfort, danger and distress.

In easier times G.P. liked a game of bridge; but he hasn't had opportunity to complete a rubber for three years and more. He's started several; but—infallibly, as the second game is drawing to an end, the telephone rings—and that means an end to the sitting.

"Why not let 'em wait half an hour?" I've asked him scores of times. I generally accompany him on these night-flights, just in case he needs a hand with a stalled car or an anaesthetic. His answer is everlastingly the same:—

"The patient may be all right, but the relatives are anxious." His job is to allay fear as well as pain. And these patients are not opulent plutocrats who can sign a fat cheque; they are mostly on the panel, simple farm labourers and their womenkind, whose only means of showing appreciation of attention that could not be bought for diamonds is by leaving humble offerings of vegetables, an occasional ill-spared egg, or a bunch of country flowers on the surgery steps.

If all men are equal in the sight of God, so are they in the sight of Doctor G.P. Many qualified men have commercialised medicine; my pal hasn't. For a trifling sum per annum, his wide clientele receive the concentrated attention that many a millionaire would welcome.

Practically his only asset is

Murders in the Rue Morgue—Part VI—

Waiting for the solution —with pistols

RETRACING our steps, we came again to the front of the dwelling, rang, and having shown our credentials, were admitted by the agents in charge. We went upstairs—into the chamber where the body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been found, and where both the deceased still lay.

The disorders of the room had, as usual, been suffered to exist. I saw nothing beyond what had been stated in the "Gazette des Tribunaux." Dupin scrutinised everything—not excepting the bodies of the victims. We then went into the other rooms, and into the yard, a gendarme accompanying us throughout. The examination occupied us until dark, when we took our departure. On our way home my companion stepped in for a moment at the office of one of the daily papers.

I have said that the whims of my friend were manifold, and that "Je les ménageais"—for this phrase there is no English equivalent. It was his humour now to decline all conversation on the subject of the murder, until about noon the next day. He then asked me suddenly if I had observed anything peculiar at the scene of the atrocity.

There was something in his manner of emphasising the word "peculiar," which caused me to shudder, without knowing why.

"No, nothing peculiar," I said; "nothing more, at least, than we both saw stated in the paper."

"The 'Gazette,'" he replied, "has not entered, I fear, into the unusual horror of the thing. But dismiss the idle opinions of this print. It appears to me that this mystery is considered insoluble for the very reason which should cause it to be regarded as easy of solution—I mean for the *outré* character of its features. The police are confounded by the seeming absence of motive—not for the murder itself, but for the atrocity of the murder. They are puzzled, too, by the seeming impossibility of reconciling the voices heard in contention, with the facts that no one was discovered upstairs but the assassinated Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and that there were no means of egress without the notice of the party ascending.

"The wild disorder of the room; the corpse thrust, with the head downward, up the chimney; the frightful mutilation of the body of the old lady; these considerations, with those just mentioned, and others which I need not mention, have sufficed to paralyse the powers, by putting completely at fault the boasted acumen of the government agents. They have fallen into the gross but common error of confounding the unusual with the abstruse.

"But it is by these deviations from the plane of the ordinary that reason feels its way, if at all, in its search for the true. In investigations such as we are now pursuing it should not be so much asked 'What has occurred?' as 'What has occurred that has never occurred before?' In fact, the facility with which I shall arrive, or

have arrived, at the solution of this mystery, is in the direct ratio of its apparent insolubility in the eyes of the police."

I stared at the speaker in mute astonishment.

"I am now awaiting," continued he, looking towards the

QUIZ for today

1. A troika is a musical composition, carriage, lizard, plant, surgeon's knife, Italian hat?
2. Who wrote (a) The Phoenix and the Carpet, (b) The Phoenix and the Turtle?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Minnesota, Wyoming, Ohio, Ontario, Nebraska, Arkansas?
4. Who is the present Astronomer Royal?
5. When was the last horse-bus taken off the streets of London?
6. Joan of Arc lived in the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th or 16th century?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Tantalus, Tantrum, Tanin, Tangeble, Tanager, Tandem?
8. What was the original name of Iran?
9. Where and when was the first greyhound race held in England?
10. Who is the Governor of the Isle of Wight?
11. What is the capital of Cyprus?
12. Complete the phrases: (a) Bulls and —, (b) Fox and —

Answers to Quiz in No. 270

1. Sweetmeat.
2. (a) George R. Sims, (b) Sir E. Arnold.
3. 1071 does not mark the accession of a King of England; the others do.
4. 1903.
5. 140 yards 2 feet, by R. Percival (Australia), 1884.
6. Mesopotamia.
7. Aniline, Annotate.
8. 24.
9. 1915.
10. Edward VII.
11. St. Helier.
12. (a) Domum, (b) Fugaces.

By EDGAR ALLAN POE

door of our apartment—"I am now awaiting a person who, although perhaps not the perpetrator of these butcheries, must have been in some measure implicated in their perpetration. Of the worst portion of the crimes committed, it is probable that he is innocent. I hope that I am right in this supposition; for upon it I build my expectation of reading the entire riddle. I look for the man here—in this room—every moment. It is true that he may not arrive; but the probability is that he will. Should he come, it will be necessary to detain him. Here are pistols; and we both know how to use them when occasion demands their use."

I took the pistols, scarcely knowing what I did, or believing what I heard, while Dupin

WANGLING WORDS—226

1. Put damage in CS and make delights.
2. Rearrange the letters of STARE IN A SHOP and make a famous Greek poet.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: DARK into GIRL, REAR into RANK, MONEY into NOTES, SKIN into FULL.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from INCANDESCENT?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 225

1. ProperLY.
2. CALEDONIA.
3. JACK. PACK. PACE. PARE. PORE. PORT. POUT. GOUT. GLUT. GLUE. BLUE. CLUE. CLUB.
4. KEEP. DEEP. DEED. SEED. SEND. SAND. SANE. SATE. DATE. KING. KIND. FIND. FOND. FOOD. FOOT. COOT. COAT. COAL.
5. BEES. BEET. BENT. BEND. BOND. FOND. FOOD. FORD. CORD. CORE. COME. COMB.
6. Man, Eel, Net, Men, Met, Lee, Let, Ten, Lea, Elm, All, Tee, Ale, Ell, Mat, Tan, Tea, Ate, Eat, etc.
7. Late, Tale, Mean, Meat, Team, Lent, Teal, Lean, Tall, Tell, Amen, Melt, Neat, Tame, Malt, Name, Mate, etc.

went on, very much as if in a soliloquy. I have already spoken of his abstract manner at such times. His discourse was addressed to myself, but his voice, although by no means loud, had that intonation which is commonly employed in speaking to some one at a great distance. His eyes, vacant in expression, regarded only the wall.

"That the voices heard in contention," he said, "by the party upon the stairs, were not the voices of the women themselves, was fully proved by the evidence. This relieves us of all doubt upon the question

A DIRTY NIGHT!

Sid Rogers arrived home one night in a terrible state. He was smothered in plaster and bandages, and could hardly see his loving wife when she opened the door. "Who is it this time?" she said. "Has that scruffy-looking, dirty-necked, squint-eyed skunk Tom Rogers..." "Sh-h-h," broke in Sid. "Never speak ill of the dead."

How about letting us have some of your Jokes and Stories

whether the old lady could have first destroyed the daughter and afterwards have committed suicide. I speak of this point chiefly for the sake of method; for the strength of Madame L'Espanaye would have been utterly unequal to the task of thrusting her daughter's corpse up the chimney as it was found; and the nature of the wounds upon her own person entirely precludes the idea of self-destruction.

"Murder, then, has been committed by some third party; and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention. Let me now advert—not to the whole testimony respecting these voices—but to what was peculiar in that testimony. Did you observe anything peculiar about it?"

I remarked that, while all the witnesses agreed in supposing the gruff voice to be that of a Frenchman, there was much disagreement in regard to the shrill, or, as one individual termed it, the harsh voice.

"That was the evidence itself," said Dupin, "but it was not the peculiarity of the evidence. You have observed nothing distinctive. Yet there was something to be observed. The witnesses, as you remark, agreed about the gruff voice; they were here unanimous. But in regard to the shrill voice, the peculiarity is—not that they

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 270: Grape Fruit.

disagreed—but that, while an Italian, an Englishman, a Spaniard, a Hollander, and a Frenchman attempted to describe it, each one spoke of it as that of a foreigner.

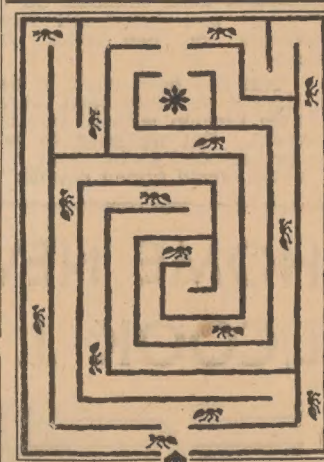
"Each is sure that it was not the voice of one of his own countrymen. Each likens it—not to the voice of an individual of any nation with whose language he is conversant—but the converse. The Frenchman supposes it the voice of a Spaniard, and

'might have distinguished some words had he been acquainted with the Spanish.' The Dutchman maintains it to have been that of a Frenchman; but we find it stated that, 'not understanding French, this witness was examined through an interpreter.' The Englishman thinks it the voice of a German, and 'does not understand German.'

"The Spaniard 'is sure' that it was that of an Englishman, but 'judges by the intonation altogether, 'as he has no knowledge of the English.' The Italian believes it the voice of a Russian; but 'has never conversed with a native of Russia.' A second Frenchman differs, moreover, with the first, and is positive that the voice was that of the Italian; but, not being cognisant of that tongue, is like the Spaniard, 'convinced by the intonation.' Now, how strangely unusual must that voice have really been, about which such testimony as this could have been elicited!—in whose tones, even, denizens of the five great divisions of Europe could recognise nothing familiar!

"You will say that it might have been the voice of an Asiatic—of an African. Neither Asiatics nor Africans abound in Paris; but, without denying the inference, I will now merely call your attention to three points. The voice is termed by one witness 'harsh rather than shrill.' It is represented by two others to have been 'quick and unequal.' No words—no sounds resembling words—were by any witness mentioned as distinguishable."

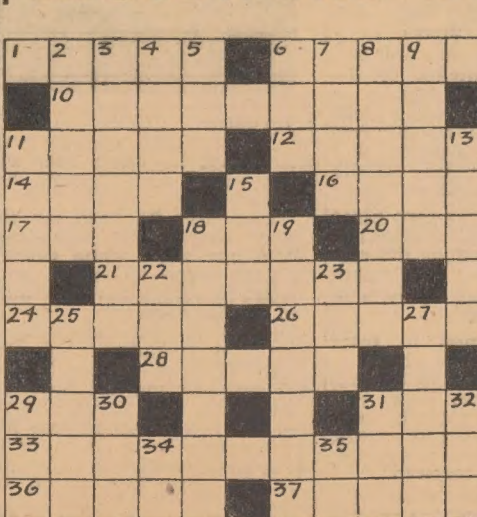
(To be continued)



THE ANTS' MAZE.

Here is a very simple maze, but the puzzle is to find how many different (or partly different) ways there are of getting from the arrow to the star. You may not travel along the same path twice while on the same journey, but you may cross your own path where two or more ways meet. The answer is given on Page 3.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Tree.
- 6 Girl's name.
- 10 Kin.
- 11 Indian soldier.
- 12 Plucks.
- 14 Tart.
- 16 Food regiment.
- 17 Prohibit.
- 18 Plant.
- 20 Number.
- 21 Issue.
- 24 Tree.
- 26 Narrow elevation.
- 28 Outstanding person.
- 29 Lie.
- 31 Nave.
- 33 Study words.
- 36 Corn.
- 37 Celebrated.

Solution to Problem in No. 270.

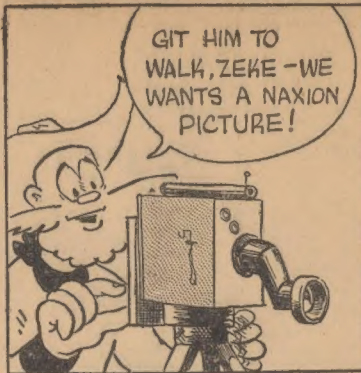
CLUES DOWN.

- 2 Palm.
- 3 Fretted.
- 4 Bumpkin.
- 5 Fodder.
- 6 Little drink.
- 7 Greedy.
- 8 Said aloud.
- 9 Obliquely.
- 11 Sort of fur.
- 13 Good supply.
- 15 Put on.
- 14 Ragout.
- 19 Model of excellence.
- 22 Paid up.
- 23 Metal.
- 25 Port of Edinburgh.
- 27 Thin fabric.
- 29 Small number.
- 30 Cricket score.
- 31 Blow.
- 32 Garden plot.
- 34 Scholar.
- 35 Animation.

JANE



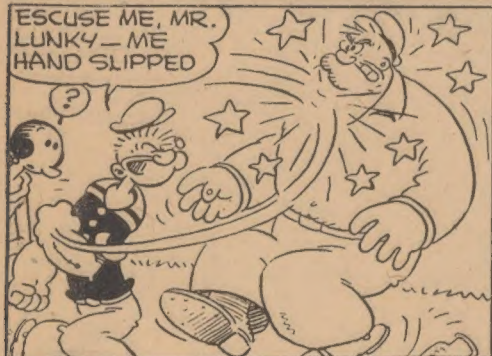
BEELZEBUB JONES



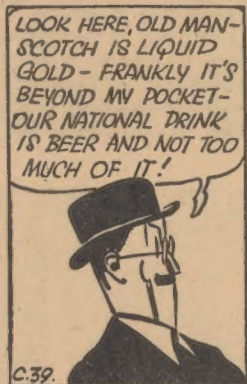
BELINDA



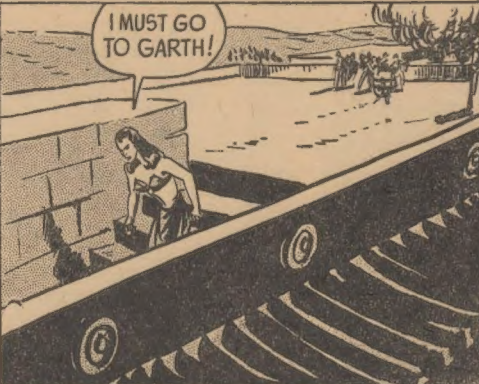
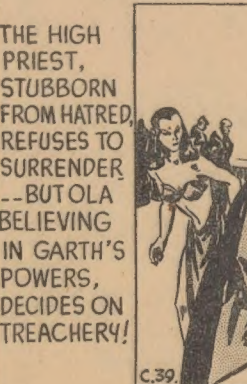
POPEYE



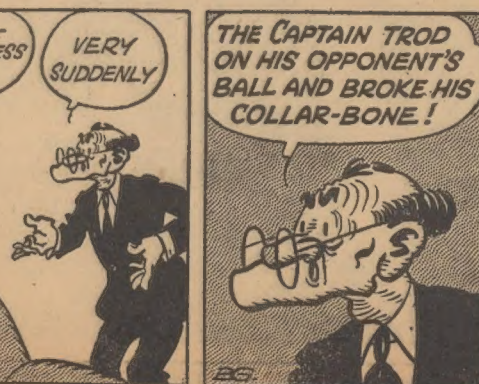
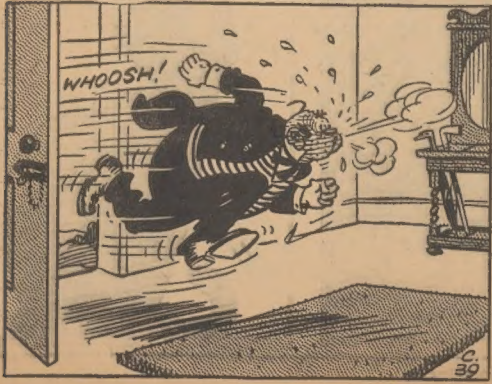
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



PROPERTY MAN'S NIGHTMARE

By Dick Gordon

ITS an old story by now that the fantastic gadgets dreamed up by script writers drive film property-men to distraction when they're required to make the things practical, but when those gadgets are dreamed up for dream sequences in a picture, then the "prop." men really develop the "screaming meemies"!

Because when they're dealing with the figments and fantasies of the dream world, scenarists can let themselves go.

"Impossible—absurd," says the "prop." man. "Nothing is impossible or absurd in a dream," coldly retort the writers.

Which is exactly what happened between Dick Brandon on the one hand and writers Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett on the other.

The Hacketts (they're husband and wife in private life) can be imagined gloating when they were handed the stage hit, "Lady in the Dark," and told to make a picture out of it for Paramount. The Broadway version, starring Gertrude Lawrence, was naturally hampered in the matter of props, by the restrictions of two revolving stages. But nothing, presumably, hampered the Technicolor adaptation which will shortly reach the screen, with Ginger Rogers as the maladjusted editor of a swanky fashion magazine, whose sleeping moments hold the key to her inhibitions and frustrations.

So the Hacketts, right off the bat, dashed off a treatment which involved a total of 528 different property items. That doesn't take into consideration the fact that there might be as many as 37 copies of any of those items required on the set. Mr. Brandon, whom Director Mitchell Leisen declares to be the best "prop." man in the industry, bar none, nearly passed out, and then figured he might as well face it.

The main story was a comparative cinch. All Brandon had to do was to outfit a doctor's office, a complete fashion magazine office from art department to photographic department to editor's sanctum, a country club locker-room, Ginger's apartment, a psychiatrist's office, a New York Night Club, a home of the 1914 era, a schoolroom, a school library, and a school gymnasium decorated for a dance, as of 1922. Incidentally, Brandon also had to prepare and print a complete 170-page fashion magazine, from preliminary sketches to finished publication, plus eight additional colour covers—but that's a story in itself.

Then came the dreams. The first required 44 props., the second 21, and the third 67, but what props! Space permits mentioning only a few of them:—

A blue Rolls-Royce that floats through the air.

A blue music score for an imaginary Seventh Symphony, which turns into a sterling silver jewelled copy of "Allure" magazine, this in turn changing into a paper edition which crumbles to ashes.

An easel which holds life-size canvases, including a caricatured oil painting of Ginger. And artists' brushes, four feet long.

A tiny can of gasoline. (There's a stickler!) A stuffed horse which turns its head and speaks. Blue mists which cover a set 125 feet long. A circus sketch which gradually increases in size, in Ginger's hands, until it stretches from three feet by two feet to thirty feet by twenty feet, until she can climb through the frame of it into a circus set, like Alice going through the looking-glass.

A circus audience comprising immense Easter eggs with faces painted on them.

The complete accoutrements of a circus, from animal cages to peanut vendors' wares.

A merry-go-round, a jury-box, a saddle and harness set with diamonds, and a necklace "with diamonds as big as bricks."

A bird-cage which is an exact replica of the set, and from which a flower-girl in a wedding procession scatters canaries into the air.

A blue dress which floats up out of a buried treasure chest.

Trees and bushes which blossom before the eyes.

Bridesmaids' candles which change to golden thorns.

And a wedding dress which falls off Ginger as she stands before the altar.

Also, don't forget that every single one of these items had to be hand-picked for the proper colour, as the film is in Technicolor.

Well, Mr. Brandon eventually had the whole thing figured out, but before that he wished some psychiatrist could have had a go at delving into the Freudian subconscious of the Hacketts, Mr. and Mrs. Personally, he felt an acute persecution complex coming on!

Answer to Ants Maze.

There are 24 different (or partly different) ways from the arrow to the star.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1



YOU CAN TAKE A HORSE TO THE WATER, BUT—
"Bless my soul! Seven out of the eight have real mid-summer thirsts. Don't say that number five won't play ball!"



SPOON FED



A shoebill stork from the Upper Nile. Thank goodness he's too far away to cover our district.



FRUITY!

Maybe it's a case of taking one's own medicine. Actually we should say that Betty Fields knows that she doesn't need any apple to assist her, so might as well eat the darn thing.



This England

A sullen sky, looking almost snow-filled, and a cold air which makes you step out. Bilton village, Warwickshire.

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Very tasty . . . BOTH."

